"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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JOHN POUNDS, THE ORIGINATOR OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

POOR as poverty could make a man, and a cripple as well, was JOHN POUNDS, of Portsmouth, the cobbler, and founder of Ragged Schools; yet rich as the heart of benevolence, and endowed with the wealth of the Saviour's mind was this poor man, whose name is now a greater honour to Portsmouth and a more lasting memorial than all her forts of defence. His humble position and his vast success are another proof of what may, by the lowest, be done when endowed with good intentions.

His first object of pity was a feeble little boy club footed. That he might have a companion he added a homeless child, the son of a poor woman, and taught these two little ones their lessons as he sat mending shoes. His love waxed greater for his work, and he sought out of the streets, and preferred the "little blackguards" of the town, as he called them. The children of the poor and the careless were gathered into his little shop, and there in the midst of two dozen of little boys, and a dozen of little girls, poor ragged children, otherwise lost to themselves and the world, sat the good old man and trained them in knowledge and virtue, sometimes dividing his humble meal with the most destitute, all for love and nothing for reward.

In the course of twenty years, hundreds of poor children were educated and had their feet directed to the paths of true life through the lessons they had received in the cobbler's shop. He sometimes helped them to little articles of clothing through kind friends, and was often both doctor and nurse to them in their ailments.

He was a man of a most cheerful and contented disposition, and it often heightened his joy to have some manly soldier or sailor step into his humble home to thank him for what he had in years gone by done for him. This true disciple of Jesus was a regular attendant at the Portsmouth Unitarian Chapel, and gained admission for some of his poor children to the Sunday school. At times his little flock was invited to the chapel and regaled with tea and plum cake. The celebrated Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, pronounced an eulogium on John Pounds at a public meeting and spoke of the glory he would have in the Kingdom of God. Some bigots reminded Guthrie that he was a Unitarian, and that it was wrong to reckon on him in Heaven at all. Dr. Guthrie repeated the same manly words after this in Exeter Hall. In the year 1839, and and at seventy-two years of age, he died—died in the midst of his plans of usefulness—fell down dead, as he had desired that when death came he might pass away suddenly, to use his own words, "*as a bird drops from his perch.*" He was happy to the last, and had said that he had no earthly want unsatisfied. It was on the first day of the year, he was at the house of Mr. Carter acknowledging some acts of kindness he had just received, and there he saw the picture of his school, and was delighted that the artist had given a prominent place to his favourite cat. He had with him a little boy, and was asking at the time aid to cure the boy's sore foot. He was also showing them specimens on a slate of the little fellow's writing and cyphering; on the instant of these being restored to his hand, with expressions of commendation, he fell, and before a surgeon arrived he was no more.

Weeping, sobbing, poor little children were the heralds of his death. For days after they still came to his humble room, looked around, expecting to find him, and went away disconsolate. He was gone to his reward.

ELIZABETH FRY.

Among the many Christian women who have followed the example of the tender-hearted Nazarene in performing deeds of mercy, benevolence, and reform, Elizabeth Fry is the foremost in the world's regard. She was the counterpart of John Howard. It was Mrs. Fry who fixed the attention of humanity on the particular phase of legalised suffering which the great philanthropist, who died ten years after she was born, had revealed to the public gaze, but had not succeeded in organising any general and permanent means of reforming. It required the warmer affection, the contagious enthusiasm of a woman, and her more enduring faith, to gather the rich fruitage of the seed which he had sown a half century before her active labours began. She inherited as rightful heir the sublime mission which he first conceived. He saw the early dawn of his grand plan of prison reform, and like Moses on Pisgah in sight of the promised land, passed quietly away. She went beyond the border, and entered into the full fruition of his great hope. In her life the cross was quickly followed by the crown.

Her maiden name was Elizabeth Gurney, and she was born May 21st, 1780, in Norwich. It is a fact of some interest to those who believe in inherited tendencies, that she descended, both on the side of her father and mother, from the Society of Friends.

In girlhood, Elizabeth was noted for those qualities which afterwards distinguished her as a woman. To a wealth of affection, a warm sympathy with the joys or woes of others, and a tender susceptibility of nature, she added a strong will, intense energy, and great tenacity of purpose. Had she been less fortunate in her education and surroundings, she had a disposition which might have been easily spoiled by too stern and rigid a discipline or a lax and careless indulgence. She could have pursued a wrong course, had circumstances driven her to it, with a wilfulness hard to overcome. But the force of character which might, if misdirected, need strong restraint, also gave resistless momentum to a wisely-directed course in a righteous cause.

Her mother dying when she was only twelve years old, she was left without maternal guidance to share the care of several younger children. Thus thrown upon herself, her joyous disposition somewhat subdued but not permanently saddened by this early sorrow, she gained that mastery over her nature which was the first condition of her future success. One of the tutors of her girlhood was a Roman Catholic, from whom she may have learned to practise that self-discipline which is also the end and aim of the Quaker discipline. From her parents and most intimate associates she must have learned to sympathise with those ideas of reform and philanthropy connected with slavery, ignorance, vice, war, prison discipline, and penal codes, which have alway been the crowning glory of the Society of Friends. In early life she was characterised by active and practical charities, not flowing from a generous impulse only, but from a mature deliberation of the noble duty of relieving the wants and woes of her kind.

When she was just budding into young womanhood she was beset with a temptation which, had she yielded to it, would have deprived the world of her beneficent career. It happened on her first visit to London. She was young, attractive, accomplished, and of course, conscious of her power. Her father's business connections and the high standing of the Gurney family gained her entrance to the most brilliant and exclusive social circles of the capital. The vanity from which no young woman's heart is wholly free was hers. She had the qualities of a belle, and not only the grace and style, but also the brilliancy of a lady of fashion. Her social nature and love of pleasure made her thoroughly enjoy the polite dissipations of high life in London. The Drury Lane Theatre was then in its glory, and she beheld for the first time all the fascinations of the histrionic art. But to these seductive temptations so well adapted to turn the head of a young girl, there was one stronger counter-influence happily opposed. At that time William Savery, the celebrated Quaker minister from America, was on his tour through England, and was preaching in its great city. She listened often to his fervent, earnest appeals to live for the good of humanity, and was impressed by his holy zeal and the devoted piety of his character. He made her feel the divinity within her own soul, and after

vibrating for a while between the gaieties and frivolity of fashionable society, and long seasons of prayer in her closet, her better nature triumphed. She chose the quiet joys of a Christian life and the discharge of its noble duties, to the vain displays and transient trophies, which may crown with barren honours a career of selfish and worldly ambition.

At an early age she commenced her investigations into the condition of the poor in her neighbourhood, and soon made visitations to the sick one of her regular duties. While stopping for a time in Plymouth, instead of studying its works of art and meditating on relics of a bygone age, she devoted herself to an inquiry into the wretchedness and degradation of its poor population. It is further related that when she saw a splendid ship-of-the-line in the dockyard, her admiration of its fine model, its complete rigging and armament, was lost in the sad reflection that it was a forbidding monument of the wickedness and barbarity of war. Like Howard she kept a diary of her religious growth, and we take from it a passage under date of July 7th, 1797, when she was only seventeen years old. It shows that she was a real flesh-and-blood woman, and not an angel whom it cost no effort to do right. She says with girlish frankness:—

"I have given way to my passions; I have known my faults and not corrected them. Now I am determined I will once more try with redoubled ardour. I must not be out of temper with the children; I must not flirt; I must not contradict without cause; I must not be sullen when my sisters are liked and I am not; I must not be angry; I must not exaggerate; I must not give way to luxury, nor be idle. I must give way to every good feeling and overcome every bad one. If I had but perseverance, I could do all that I wish. I will try."

Only one year later than this she wrote out the following rules for the guidance of her conduct, which might with propriety be commended to our young ladies:

"1. Never lose any time, but be always employed. 2. Never err the least in truth. 3. Never say an ill thing of a person when I can say a good thing. 4. Never be irritable nor unkind to anybody. 5. Never indulge myself in luxuries not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration, feel confidence in that Power who alone is able to assist me, and exert my own powers as far as they will go."

In 1810 she married Joseph Fry, a young London merchant, who was like herself a Quaker. Their residence was at St. Mildred's Court, in that city, and her domestic life was characterised by the most assiduous devotion to her household cares and watchful attention to the comforts and happiness of her husband. She subsequently became the mother of eleven children, and her fidelity to this numerous family is a good refutation of the popular idea, that a woman who adopts a public career, or engages in any enlarged sphere of usefulness, must therefore neglect the duties which render home sacred and attractive.

Her philanthropic labours, which at last nearly encircled the world, commenced in own immediate neighbourhood, thus demonstrating the familiar proverb, that charity begins at home. From alleviating cases of individual suffering which she had searched out, she extended her visits to almshouses, hospitals, and insane asylums, where her practical and kindly suggestions led to many beneficent reforms in their management.

When her husband went to a country place to reside she organised alone a school for destitute young girls. The small-pox having broken out with fearful virulence in a miserable Irish settlement near by, she learned the art of vaccination and practised it in her daily walks in this indigent and afflicted neighbourhood. She also succeeded in reforming to a great extent their habits of intemperance, vice, filth, and idleness, in which their sufferings had been deeply rooted for many a year. Like an angel of mercy she carried healing on her wings wherever she went, and the most wicked and degraded never turned away from the great-hearted sympathy which made their woes her own.

In 1817, when seven children were demanding her imperative watchfulness and care, she began her labours in behalf of prison reform, which extended over a quarter of a century, and formed the distinctive feature of her philanthropic career. Up to this date no country had taken a deep, active interest in behalf of a portion of humanity whose wretched condition had excited little compassion in the

hearts of the Christian world. The offence which civilised governments were committing in their jails and prisons against the bodies and souls of their wretched inmates, was often far more heinous than the crimes for which the latter were confined. In England, the Continent, and America at that time, the treatment of convicts, as a rule, would have disgraced the King of the Cannibal Islands. Filth and uncleanness of the most disgusting nature, intemperance, profanity, nameless vices, and diseases, the promiscuous commingling of the sexes, were all permitted in the dark, damp cells to which beings with immortal souls were consigned by that unfeeling despot, known as the Justice of the LAW. Newgate was one of the worst hells of this kind on the globe, and Mrs. Fry boldly entered it in the name of Christian humanity. What she saw there is too loathsome to describe. She began her reform by clothing decently those who were nearly naked. She then commenced looking after their spiritual needs, and the voice of prayer went up where before had only sounded curses, blasphemy, or obscene mirth. Then was indeed fulfilled the prophecy : " Sick and in prison, and ye came unto me."

She established schools among these convicts, the more advanced becoming teachers of the others, and these moral lepers began to take on the whiteness of Christ's redeeming love.

At first Mrs. Fry met with great discouragement from the timid and conservative among the wealthy and those holding official positions; but when she had triumphed gloriously, these same persons were most forward in tendering their praise and congratulations. All classes, from the crowned head to the simple peasant, came to witness her wonderful success at Newgate, and her fame soon filled the world. She early became interested in other philanthropic enterprises, and was associated with Jeremy Bentham, Lord Holland, and Sir Samuel Romilly in reforming penal codes, and especially in lessening the number of offences punishable with death. She felt the humble love that clasps humanity, and servant girls, sailors, vagrant children, soldiers in the army were at different times in her life the especial objects of her charitable labours. By her appeals to the benevolent and her own personal endeavours, she bettered their physical and moral condition, judiciously distributing books and even libraries for their special use. She first organised the system of district-visiting societies, which in England and in our own country are the most effective agents for reaching the poor and vicious. To her also belongs the credit of establishing organisations for aiding and employing discharged convicts whom society seems determined to confirm in a career of crime.

During the later years of her life she was frequently attacked with painful illness, and her bodily infirmities would have overcome one with less energy and enthusiasm of purpose than herself. She persisted in her chosen work, and her habit of visiting convict ships in all weather just before they sailed for the penal colonies did much to undermine her tottering constitution. Still nothing could deter her from the work of alleviating human suffering, to which she gave her heart and life. When quite advanced in years, she journeyed through England, Ireland, and Scotland, and four times over the Continent, visiting their prisons, asylums, and almshouses, gathering useful information, and setting in motion new enterprises of reform and philanthropy. Her influence seemed to span the globe. Written dispatches were sent to her from Greece, the West Indies, from the Empress Dowager of Russia, and from the King of the Sandwich Islands. Her honours were more extended, satisfactory, and enduring than those of royal personages, who were proud to do her reverence. She prayed for humility, and sought the approbation of her God rather than the praise of men, though she was not insensible of the sweets of human approval.

Once on a public occasion, Queen Charlotte, radiant with diamonds and the splendid insignia of royalty, came forward on the platform to take the hand of the plain Quakeress who had toiled so nobly to lessen the weight of the world's woe. The multitude sent up a joyful shout. This was a proud moment in Elizabeth Fry's life. But there was a prouder event than this. In one of her journeys she visited the insane asylum in the city of Amsterdam. On the floor of one of the cells, nestled in the straw, was the cramped form

of a woman, unclad, except by the manacles that confined her—a maniac of the most grovelling type.

She was apparently in a fitful sleep. As Mrs. Fry approached the poor creature looked up. She caught her eye and perhaps had heard her name spoken by one of the attendants. In an instant she raised herself up and, dragging her whole weight of chains, she begged to touch the hand of the recognised visitant. It was extended and she kissed it with childlike joy. For a moment the sentiment of gratitude lighted up the darkened mind of the maniac, and then went out only to be rekindled in another world.

Mrs. Fry, who, as a reformer, had the peculiar happiness of seeing many of her philanthropic plans fully consummated, died in 1845, in the midst of children and friends, leaving a name which, in the annals of heroic womanhood, is most deserving of admiration, tender reverence, and a grateful memory.

Some time after her death, a meeting was called in London to raise a memorial in honour of her name. It was thought that the most fitting monument to her noble career would be an asylum for female criminals after leaving prison, to be called the Elizabeth Fry Refuge.

"Her great example left behind,
Shall still to man extend her care;
Disclose the surest path to fame,
And nobly point the social aim
To save, to pity, and to spare."

L. J. Bigelow.

THE BOOK OF JOB.—I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! all men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem, man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* every way; true eye-sight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual; the horse,—"hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder?*"—"he *laughs* at the shaking of the spear!" Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody, as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.—*Carlyle.*

LITTLE BESSIE;

AND HOW SHE FELL ASLEEP.

Hug me closer, closer, mother!
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother!
And I feel so strange to-night.
Something hurts me here, mother!
Like a stone upon my breast.
Oh, I wonder, wonder, mother!
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day, while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient
And to think of what you said:
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep;
And I wished He'd come and take me
In his arms, that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted—
Just before the children came—
When the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name:
All at once the window opened:
In a field were lambs and sheep.
Some from out a brook were drinking;
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see,
And I wondered if He saw me
If He'd speak to such as me.
On a sudden I was gazing
On a world so bright and fair,
It was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh! so sweetly—
Sweeter songs I never heard,
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird;
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled,
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When He said, "Come here, my child.

"Come up here my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer
But are happier than you see."
Then I thought of all you'd taught me,
Of that bright and happy land—
I was going when you called me—
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me, I would go
Oh! to sleep, and never suffer—
Mother, don't be crying so.
Hug me closer, closer mother,
Put your arms around me tight,
Oh! how much I love you, mother,
But I feel so strange to-night.

And the mother pressed her closer
To her own o'erburdened breast,
On the heart so near to breaking,
Lay the heart so near its rest.
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the stillness dark and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom
Little Bessie fell asleep.

DOCTRINAL TEXTS.

IMPROVED TRANSLATION.

Matt. ii. 2: "We have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him."—"Come to do him homage."—*Dr. Campbell.*

Matt. ii. 2: "They fell down and worshipped him." "Did him homage."—*Scarlett.*

Matt. viii. 2: "There came a leper and worshipped him." "Did him homage."—*Boothroyd.*

Matt. ix. 18: "There came a certain ruler and worshipped him." "Did him homage."—*Boothroyd.*

Matt. xiv. 33: "They that were in the ship came and worshipped him."—"Did him homage."—*Boothroyd.*

Matt. xiv. 33: "Thou art the Son of God." "A son of a god."—*Markland.*

Matt. iii. 11: "He shall baptise you with the Holy Spirit." "A holy spirit."—*Dr. Heylin.*

Matt. xv. 22: "Have mercy on me, O Lord,"—"O master."—*Dr. Campbell.*

Matt. xv. 25: "She came and worshipped him." "Did him homage."—*Boothroyd.*

Matt. xx. 20: "Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children, with her sons, worshipping him." "Doing him homage."—*Boothroyd.* "Honouring him."—*Wiclif.*

Matt. xxi. 3: "The Lord hath need of him." "The master hath need of him."—*Dr. Campbell.*

Matt. xxiv. 3: "What shall be the sign of thy coming and of the end of the world."—"End of the age."—*Bishop Porteous.*

Matt. xxvii. 40: "If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross." "A son of God."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Matt xxviii. 9: "And they came and held him by the feet and worshipped him."—Ver. 17: "And when they saw him they worshipped him." "They did him homage."—*Dr. Doddridge* and many others. In every case where the word worship is applied to Christ it means civil reverence or homage.

Matt. xxviii. 18: "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying all power is given unto me." "All authority."—*Campbell.*

Matt. xxviii. 19: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." "Into the name."—*Archbishops Whately, Tillotson, Dr. South* and others.

Matt. xxviii. 20: "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "The end of the age."—*Bishop Pearce.*

Mark xii. 29: "And Jesus answered, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God is one Lord." "The Lord is our God: the Lord is one."—*Campbell.*

Luke xxiv. 19: "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people." "A *man* who was a prophet."—*Dr. Doddridge.* "A man prophet."—*Wiclif.*

John i. 1: "The Word was God." God was the Word or Logos."—*Dr. A. Clarke, Wiclif,* and the old English translators.

John i. 3: "All things were made by him." "By it."—*Old English Bibles.*

John i. 4: "In him was life." "In *it* was life."—*Tyndal, Dr. Campbell,* and others.

John i. 10: "He was in the world and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." "It was on the world and the world was made through it, and the world knew it not."—*Sharpe* and others.

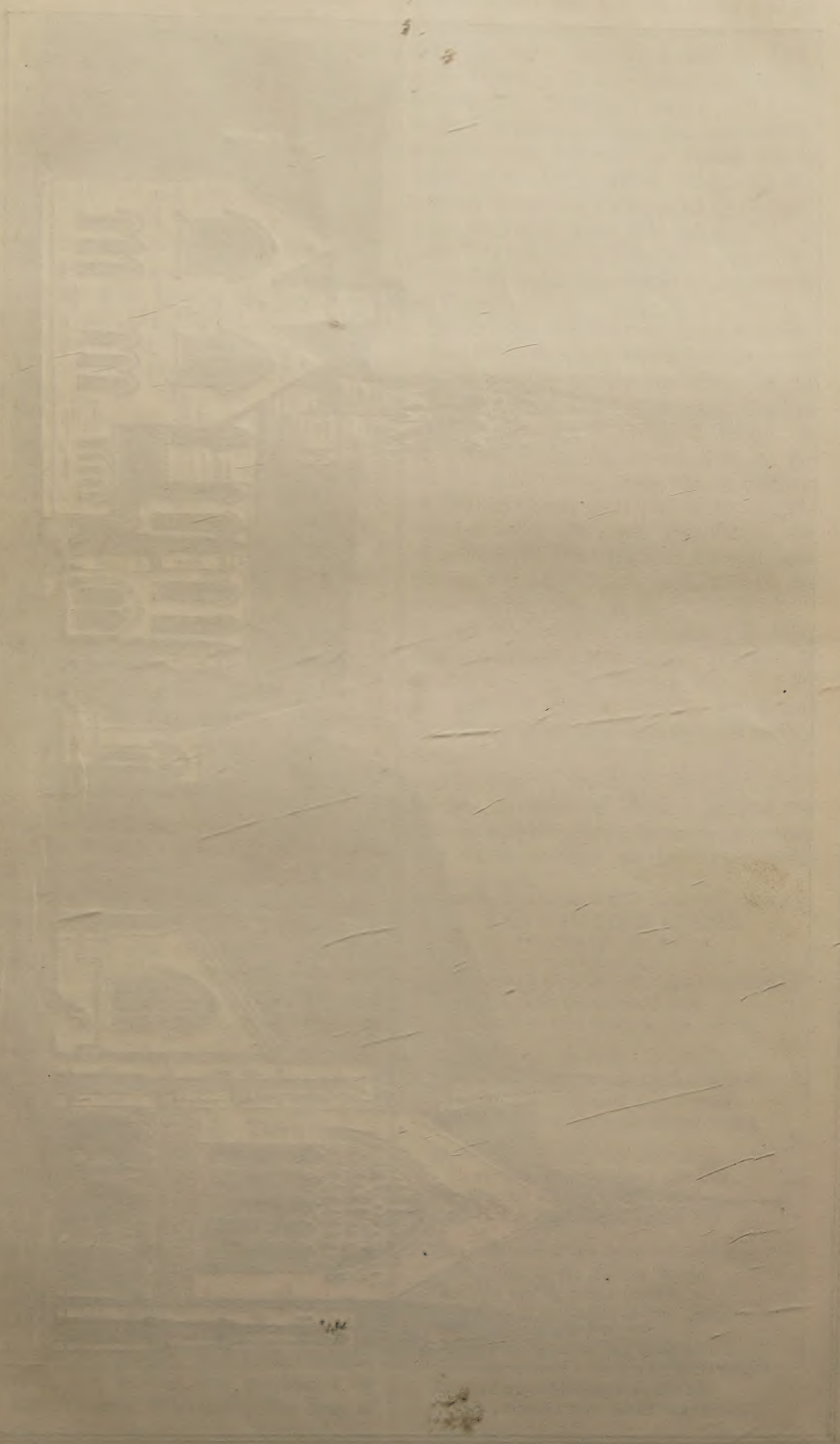
John i. 14: "And the Word was ma flesh." "The Word *became* flesh."—*Boothroyd.* "The Word was flesh."—*Limborch.*

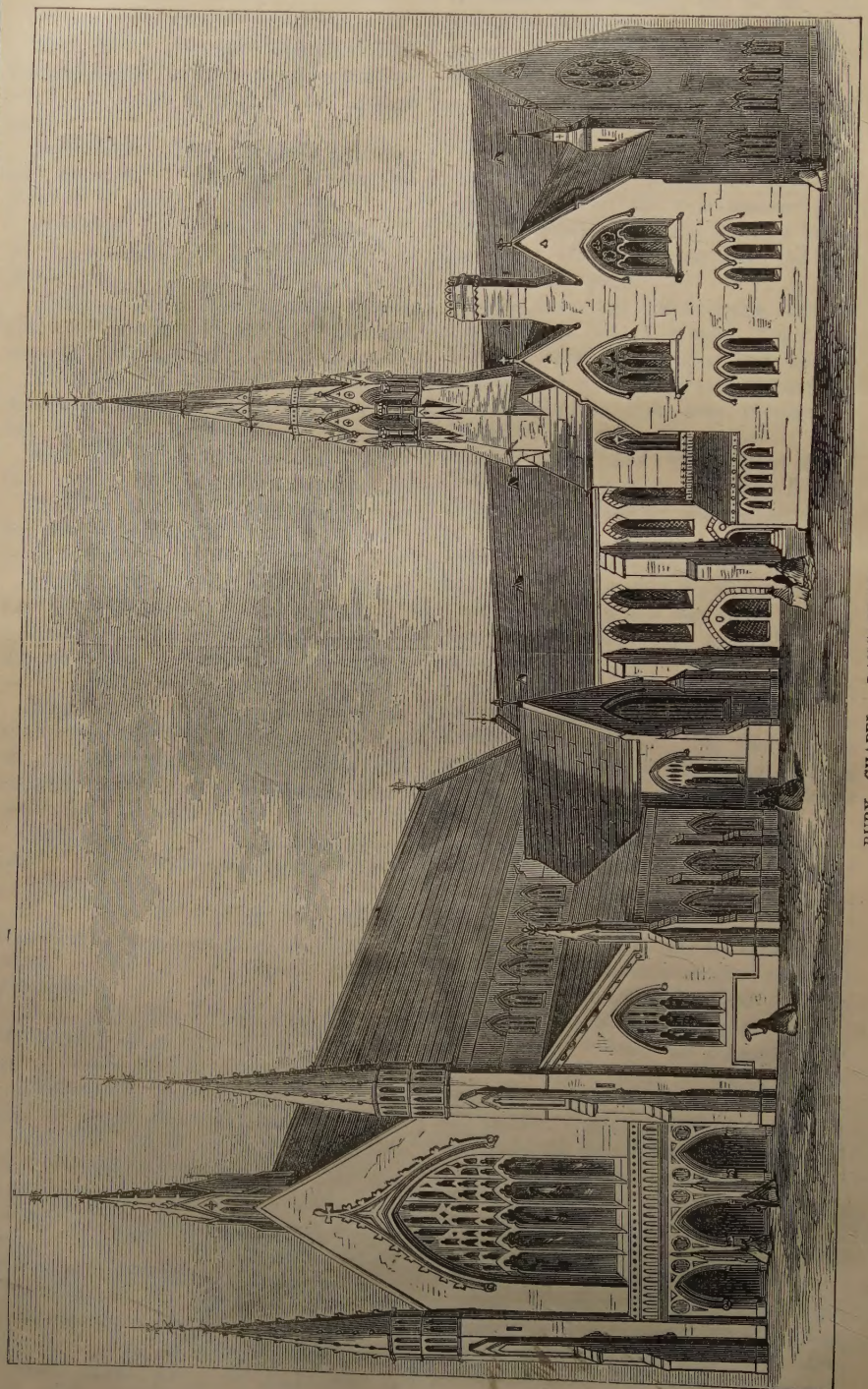
John i. 15: "This was he of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me, for he was before me." "Was my superior."—*Sharpe.*

John i. 30: "After me cometh a *man* who is preferred before me for he was before me." "He was my superior."—*Sharpe, Dr. Heylin,* and others.

John ii. 24, 25: "Jesus did not commit himself into them because he knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man; for he knew what was in man." "Because he knew them all."—*Doddridge, Campbell,* and *Heylin.*

John iii. 13: "And no man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man, who *is* in heaven." "Who *was* in heaven."—*Bishop Pearce, Erasmus, Rosenmuller.*





BURY CHAPEL, LANCASHIRE.

BURY CHAPEL, LANCASHIRE.

The new church at Bury, of which we now present to our readers an engraving, occupies an old foundation. There was a meeting-house on the same spot in 1719; and towards the latter end of the century it was found too small for the increasing congregation; a gallery was therefore erected in 1775; and with this addition it continued in use for two more generations. A new chapel was then projected. The quaint meeting-house, which had served its purpose more than a hundred years, must give place to another structure, which was opened by the Rev. Thomas Madge, on the 10th of September, 1837. It was not satisfactory, however. It neither looked well nor was it built well, and its existence was much more brief than that of its predecessor. At the end of its first decade there were signs of weakness, and it was seen on examination to be positively unsafe. Expedients were then resorted to for making it secure, but the resolution was soon taken to remove altogether an edifice which had been the subject of such great disappointment, and to rear, in all the beauty of Gothic architecture, a church that should be solid and enduring. The congregation undertook this duty under peculiar difficulties. They had already encountered the cost of a building a few short years before, and now they must go through the process again. They did not shrink from it; they provided a building-fund with great liberality; and the plans and designs selected were those of Messrs. Bowman and Crowther, the architects of the Leeds and Gee Cross chapels. The result was eminently satisfactory. A cruciform church of the style of the fifteenth century (late pointed or perpendicular), was erected, which commanded universal admiration. Total length from north to south, 81ft. 6in.; width, 48ft. 10in.; at the transept, 68ft. 6in. There was a schoolroom under the chapel occupying the whole area, and in the transepts were galleries for the children, and the whole cost was about £5000, in addition to the value of the materials of the former place.

On Friday, October 22nd, 1851, the church was opened. After an interesting prayer by the pastor, the Rev. Franklin Howarth, the service was conducted by the Rev. Charles Wicksteed, the text of whose sermon was 1 Peter, ii. 5; and on the Sunday following the preachers were the Rev. James Martineau and the Rev. J. J. Tayler. At the close of the evening service Mr. Martineau said: — "I am desired to announce that the amount collected on this day and on Friday last is £626 10s. 10d., which, added to the amount previously contributed by the congregation, will place this building out of debt." It was a most remarkable announcement, and highly honourable to the church at Bury.

Let us also add the remarkable fact contained in the closing paragraph of the report of the opening proceedings given by the *Christian Reformer*:—"The chapelwarden is Mr. J. Grundy, of Oatwood Lodge. It is a fact worthy of record that in the earliest chapel-book preserved an ancestor of this gentleman is named as the chapelwarden, being his great grandfather, one of seven John Grundys who have in succession worshipped and held office in the Presbyterian chapel at Bury."

New school-rooms were opened in July, 1866, which had been erected at a cost of nearly £4000; and they are now occupied by day and Sunday-schools, which are flourishing in great prosperity and usefulness.

The present pastor is the Rev. John Wright, grandson of Richard Wright, the zealous missionary, whose name we honour and whose services we hold in grateful remembrance.

THE ONE TRUE CHRIST.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

I heard a gentle poet say,
That they who seek the one true Church
Shall find it in no outward way,
That all in vain shall be the search.

But if, forsaking such a quest,
We seek the one true Christ instead,
That he will come and be our guest,
And break with us the living bread.

Such was the song my poet sang,
In sweeter words than I can tell,
Its meaning on my spirit rang
As if the Sabbath morning bell

Had summoned me from toil and fret,
To listen to the golden words
That the young Jesus used to set
To the sweet music of the birds.

I would have asked my poet where
This one true Christ was to be found,
But he had vanished, and the air
Was voiceful with no further sound.

"Alas!" I cried, "so much to say
And not to say a little more,
Why could'st thou not have shown the way?
Why were thy verses not a door

"Through which my joyful feet could go
Into the presence of the Lord,
Where the still waters ever flow,
And I should taste of my reward?

"But I will waste in tears that blind
No hour that I can spend in search.
This one true Christ I yet may find,
And where he is shall be my Church."

And forth I go into the street,
And forth into the haunts of men,
And ask of every friend I meet
If he the one true Christ has seen.

"Lo here!" they cry, "Lo here!" "Lo there!"
Each certain that he knows the place
Where he reveals his presence fair,
The matchless beauty of his face.

And so again I travel o'er,
In ever vain and fruitless search,
The barren fields where oft before
I sought in vain the one true Church.

The Christ which here demands my vow,
Is not the one which there appears;
These to a shape of terror bow,
Those have their images of fear.

And ever where the creeds abide
And where the priestly foot has trod,
I find more faith in one that died
Than in the ever-living God.

Forget, my soul, the noisy street,
The priest that mumbles at his shrine;
For thee the scholar's calm retreat,
For thee the Christ of critics fine.

"Why longer urge thy fruitless search?
The one true Christ thou shalt not find
Until thou seek Him in His Church.
All beautiful within thy mind.

"His temple is the human soul;
He dwelleth ever more within;
The harmonies of heaven roll
For Him whose life is free from sin.

"Be free from foolish hates and fears,
The love of ease, the love of pelf,
And all the Christs of all the years
Shall lead thee nearer to thyself.

"The highest word that is for thee
Awaits thee in no distant land;
Thy deepest mood shall ever be
By thee obeyed as God's command.

"Not farther off, but farther in,
Such is the nature of thy quest;
They heaven find who heaven win,
The one true Christ is in thy breast."

GREATNESS OF SOUL.

THERE is something so admirable in greatness of soul, that the spectator cannot contemplate it without deep emotion. It excites in our minds secret envy, or rather lively emulation; it reveals to us, through the faculties of our nature, things that perhaps we did not suspect; which, however, we recognise, and feel to be good—in short, the gift of humanity. We experience just pride in belonging to the common country in which such fine characters are produced, and in the joy of that discovery feel almost confident of being able to imitate them. Greatness of soul unites the two finest traits of the human character. It derives from the love of goodness all that is generous, and from the conquest of self everything that is energetic. It signalises the aim to which our nature aspires, shows us the extent of our liberty, and thus teaches us of what we ourselves should be capable if we dared to make the attempt. Thus we can only define this noble phenomenon which spreads such a pure light over the earth, in the same degree as we recognise and determine the two moral powers whose effects we shall here consider, and whose double influence is united in it, in a very high degree, as in perfect harmony.

Some passions may, by developing in the mind extraordinary strength, render it capable of executing externally great actions; but in the results derived, however large they may be, you will never recognise the impress of greatness of soul. For you will always find something narrow in the motives, exaggerated in the execution, servile in the notion; you will find in it a certain mixture of selfishness, you will perceive a secret elation; a sort of crisis in which there is nothing natural or durable. Remark it again, those passions which produce great actions are only those which are nurtured by some affection, and suppose the exercise of moral strength.

Sensuality left to itself, and selfishness in its sterile nudity, have never succeeded in imitating anything truly great, even in their most violent excesses.

It is not sufficient, in characterising great actions, to state that they produce great effects; mechanical motion would do as much. Great actions are those which produce the same effects by the energy of generous sentiments.

We may nourish great feelings and high thoughts in our minds, and still be far from attaining to greatness of soul. It is necessary not only that such thoughts be carried into action, but that, in the action to which they give rise, there should be some boldness, a certain degree of courage. It supposes a soaring into distance, a glance into futurity; a free field is requisite; it wants space and wishes for danger. That which is close to us is too restrained; the present flies too swiftly; that which is evident and positive leaves too little scope for the exercise of the will.

Greatness of soul supposes then a certain elevation of the mind, and the use of a frequent and easy intercourse with those general views which alone have any extent.

The great soul cannot satisfy itself with a feeling which is too exclusive; its necessary food is wanting; it meets with too many limits. Such is, without doubt, the cause of a phenomenon which has often been remarked upon—namely, that the truly great man is, in general, inaccessible to the passion of love. The passion for glory, on the contrary, will have for him powerful attractions, and will even become his ruin unless his lofty soul remains faithful to its principles. For he finds in glory, as it were, a magnificent concert which repeats in brilliant sounds the noble secrets of the feelings with which he is inspired, which perpetuates and propagates them on every side.

Happy and useful is that instinct which is placed in great souls, who, while aspiring to noble careers, are naturally led to produce them before our eyes to enlighten us, to lead us to follow their bright example, and to instruct posterity, as well as those of their own times. Yes, behold how they mount to the height of glory, how celebrity surrounds with a luminous halo, those who are inspired with magnanimity! How they console and rejoice the world with their presence, and become as it were the ornaments of society! How they appear as so many signals, destined to awaken and encourage in every heart virtuous affections, inspiring them with high and lawful hopes!

It is the property of great souls to rejoice in the homage rendered to fine actions. Far from being accessible to envy, they feel sincere and deep joy in seeing all that is good honoured upon earth, and seek on every side the praise that is due to it. He who knows not the feeling of respect has no idea of things really elevated; he who is incapable of admiring what is noble is unable to produce it. True enthusiasm is a *mélange* of admiration and love, and addresses itself to that which is good and beautiful at the same time. It is an active feeling eager for conquests in the arts it personifies; in morals it does more, it realises. There are some minds so blinded by vanity as to pretend to find in the incapacity of that which they are to admire a proof of their superiority. There are men who affect to defend themselves from an enthusiasm which they ignore, and who thus transform their weakness into wisdom. The narrow-mind believes itself enthusiastic when it exalts that which astonishes it; the ardent imagination thinks the same when it is moved by that which has only external brilliancy.

The truly great soul has always an eminently natural character; it appears to execute the greatest actions easily; at least, its efforts have nothing constrained or tormented in them; that which is extraordinary to the common mind is only ordinary and familiar to it. It is true that the principles and germs of magnanimity exist in every nature. If they remain stifled it is because we paralyse them ourselves; if they become fruitful, it is because they encounter no obstacle in the fetters of selfishness. All is true forgetfulness of self in those views inspired by magnanimity, as in the affections which they nourish; the mind penetrates the feeling of what is good and appreciates the intrinsic value of things, and the consciousness which it has of this gives just security and that ease and calm which give to the action produced something so firm and frank, so decided and accomplished.

In order that the great soul may be satisfied, it is necessary, without doubt, that circumstances should offer an occasion worthy of it. These occasions, in as much as they open an exterior scene of action, are rare; they are a condition nearly always reserved for the superior ranks of society, for those who are surrounded with the favours of fortune and power—privileges, alas! often too little prized! But there are also other scenes, which, though not exposed to the eye of

the spectator, are not the less worthy of exercising this high prerogative of man.

The presence of a spectator manifests what is great, but does not create it. However, there are many people who only know of what is great from the mouths of others, and seem never able to detect its presence for themselves.

But if magnanimity can only satisfy itself at intervals, it must be in the soul as an habitual and constant disposition. It cannot be called into existence at will, and for the single moment of necessity. It pre-exists, impatient to be produced, perhaps scarcely yet knowing itself. Should the occasion present itself it appears spontaneously, and escapes free and full of joy, like genius suddenly revealed at the sight of a *chef-d'œuvre*. It is indeed to virtue what genius is to art!

It is so true that a free and entire forgetfulness of self is one of the essential characteristics of greatness of soul, that the vulgar mind is generally led to suppose its presence wherever this self-abnegation exists in a striking degree. This is why we agree to recognise it in pardon accorded to an enemy, or indifference to injuries, in disdain for the favours of fortune.

There can be nothing more incompatible with true nobleness than those two most common forms of selfishness, vanity and cupidity. The oft-repeated I, leading everything to itself, and avowing secretly its exclusive pretentions, is so contemptible and puerile! This self-forgetfulness is only one of the conditions of great mindedness; however entire it may be, it is not enough to constitute it.

An absolute indifference to self has, if possible, nothing really elevated in it. It is necessary that it be a real sacrifice joyfully accomplished, and that this sacrifice be made in behalf of a worthy object; it is requisite, in a word, that a purer and more noble love should conquer and absorb this self-love.

Great minded men have among themselves an intimate intercourse, a language of their own; this language may sometimes be difficult of comprehension to the vulgar; some men, even among the refined, do not really understand it, and on this account think themselves justified in contesting its sense and value.

There is a sublimity in the character as in the productions of the mind. It results from the two principles which constitute true greatness of soul, carried to their highest extreme. It consists in giving up everything for that which is good, even though it demands an absolute sacrifice. This immolation, which makes the vulgar mind start with horror and affright, is embraced by the great soul with such pure and true joy, that it seems for him a righteous recompense rather than a sacrifice. It is for him a crown to wear rather than a burden to bear. This sacrifice does not always consist in giving up life; there are some men who give their lives with joy; there is, in some circumstances, more greatness in the manner of receiving death than in foregoing it; there is sometimes more true greatness in consenting to live, and above all to survive, than in braving or submitting to danger. There is a sacrifice which embraces every instinct and interest of life, which demands an entire renouncing of habits, the sacrifice of fortune, career, and dearest affections; there is voluntary exile; there are occasions in which he may be called upon to brave the opinions and prejudices of his country and of his age. The martyr to truth and virtue has more than once been treated with apparent ignominy; he has suffered from the sentence pronounced by vice, and applauded by the vulgar. Let the latter heroes of the world be silent before such heroisms; they receive the praise of men, the former only their injustice. An apparent glory crowns the one, while the other has for his sole support the applause of his own conscience.

That which is sublime in the productions of the mind has always something that is relative in it and demands a concourse of favourable circumstances, an art which reassembles and concentrates every effort in a unique and rapid trait. Sublimity of character is absolute, independent, permanent; it draws everything from its own nature and does not require the help of art; it does not become weaker in multiplying or explaining itself. Great souls are not great because they separate themselves from the community, for if all mankind should attain to this high dignity it would still have the same value. That which truly elevates and ennobles the great soul is the loftiness of its aim, and the generosity of the effort necessary to reach it. DEGERANDO.—J. L. S.

THEY CALL IT THE GOSPEL.

We have just had handed to us a copy of a little revivalist paper called *The Latter Rain*, which contains a poem by the popular preacher, H. G. Guinness, titled "Thy Brother's Blood." The aim of the writer is to picture the lost and perishing state of the heathen, damned to all eternity because they have never heard the Gospel,

> "In the lake of the second death, whose flame
> Burneth unquenchably."

About one hundred years ago poems were written and sermons delivered on the writhing of unbaptised infants in the world of woe. The Christian church has learned now to disavow that horrible doctrine about children, as they are not responsible; but illogically enough there are millions of our Christian brethren who still believe in the perdition of the heathen, who are no more responsible for their ignorance of true religion than they are responsible for their gnorance of the inhabitants of the moon. Yet this writer, with the New Testament in his hand, and the very passage before him which exonerates the heathen from condemnation—"For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves, which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."—Rom. ii., 14. See how this charitable statement of Paul is reversed in this poem:—

> "A million a month in China
> Are dying without God.
> But do these perish? Let the word
> Of God, who cannot lie,
> Give to this great inquiry
> Its solemn, sole reply.
> 'All those who sin beneath the law,
> Judged by that law shall be,
> Who sin besides, shall without law
> Perish, eternally.
> O ye perishing, neglected souls,
> Are we guilty of your blood?
> A million a month in China
> Are dying without God."

Is this not a fearful rendering of the glad tidings of great joy? And then again we are made accountable for the existence, ignorance, and eternal misery of those poor heathen whom we cannot see or speak to; and when we have done our utmost, millions of them for years must yet live and die without the Gospel. Does God, who counts the hairs of our head, who watches the fall of a sparrow, call into being those millions of people and leave them by his decrees, or an impossible method of salvation, to be eternally lost? Such is the belief of many of our Christian brethren. They call their views "the gospel," "the good news of God." Surely we might find a name better suited to such an account of the divine government and fate of man. The worst word we ever heard cannot sufficiently express the awful character of such tidings. We Unitarians have yet a mission among men who believe such bad things of God and man.

ALL HAIL! YE MEN WHO AGITATE.

All hail! ye men who agitate
And battle for the right,
Who keep the beacon fires ablaze,
Through error's darkest night,
Who carry out the Christian rule
The proud fanatic hates,
And weigh the dogmas, proofs, and laws,
Of churches, creeds, and states.
The age may call you heretics,
And persecute you too,
But the great Father calls you forth
And gives you work to do.

All hail! ye men who agitate
With feelings strong and deep,
Who wake the despot from his dreams,
The bigot from his sleep,
Who rouse the zealots of the land
To battle for their creeds,
And prompt the intellectual mind
To great and worthy deeds.
Boldly demand the pilfered rights
Of wronged humanity,
And nobly struggle for the Truth,
"The Truth shall make you free."

All hail! ye men who agitate;
Our moral atmosphere
Needs stormy winds and thunder claps
From miasma to clear.
Mind stagnates 'neath the summer's soft
And enervating ray,
And needs the rude and bracing breeze
Of winter's angry day.
But while you throw your thunderbolts,
And deadly error smite,
Be careful lest your lightning's glare
Destroy the good and right.

All hail! ye men who agitate,
And scour our mental rust,
Who tear the cobwebs from our brains
And sweep away the dust—
Who throw the healthy breeze of truth
On error's mould and blight,
And through the optics of the soul
Shoot startling rays of light.
The world will dub you demagogues,
And persecute you too,
But the great Father calls you forth
And gives you work to do.

HENRY WINN.

DENY YOURSELF.

"ARTHUR," said Mrs. Campbell, one Saturday afternoon to her son, a boy of nine years old; "can you deny yourself a gratification in order to give another pleasure?"

"I don't know, mother; but, at all events, I can try. What is it you mean?" said Arthur, buttoning his boots.

"Why, you know little Susan Gray wishes to go to Sunday-school, Arthur; and you also know she cannot go in her old clothes, and that I am making her a frock, and tippet, and bonnet, in order that she may go. I shall have to work till late this evening to get them done, and your father has just sent in a long account to cast up before tea, which would take me at least an hour. What is to be done, Arthur? Is Susan to go without her clothes for another week?"

Arthur hesitated a moment, then ran up stairs to his bedroom, and burst into tears. "What should he do? He only came home from school on Saturdays, and went back on Mondays; if he gave up flying his kite this afternoon he would have to wait a whole week before he would be able to fly it. It was a new one, too, and such a beautiful breezy day for it, and so many of his schoolfellows were going on the downs with their kites, and he wanted to show them his; and yet poor Susan would be so disappointed, and she had looked forward to going to the school to-morrow.

And this last thought quite decided him. He put away his kite, and returned to his mother; he told her that, "rather than little Susan should be disappointed, he would stay at home and attend to the accounts."

He felt he had done right when he met his mother's approving smile.

Next day at church Arthur looked towards the Sunday-school children, and there, in the second row, sat little Susan in her new clothes, looking as pleased and happy as could be. The sight quite rewarded him, and the knowledge, too, that he had done a kind action.

He thought he never spent such a happy day before, and when he was just going to sleep at night his dear mother came and told him how pleased she was with his conduct, and added, "I am sure, my dear Arthur, you were rewarded to-day when you saw little Susan among the school children."

"Oh yes, dear mother, that I was fully."

"Kind actions bring their own rewards, my dear boy, and may you go on as you have begun, and always be willing in the future to deny yourself."

STOLEN PROPERTY.

A HINT TO LITTLE FOLK.

"I KNOW all about Saidee's birthday party, for all she tried to keep it such a secret," said Lottie Mills, with a look of triumph.

"How did you find out?" I asked.

"Why, you see, Josie and I were reading a story under the elm tree this noon, and Saidee came and sat in the window with Carrie Richards, and they talked it all over, and we heard every word. She's going to have—— "

"Stop, stop! Do you suppose I want to share any stolen property"

"Stolen property, Auntie? Why, we didn't listen—we could'nt help hearing, for she talked right out loud."

"That's very true, but she didn't know you were there, so you have no right at all to her secret. A listener is like a pickpocket who creeps up and steals your secrets slily; and you are like a person who sees another drop a purse in the street and picks it up. If you took the money and used it when you knew it was not yours, would you be any more honest than if you had taken it right out of a man's pocket?"

"Why, no, Auntie! Of course I should give it back."

"Or, if you could not give it back at once, you would keep it safely till you could. That is just what you should do with secrets, when people drop them accidentally and you pick them up. You have no more business to use them than you would have to use money which you got in the same way."

"I believe that is so, Auntie, and I won't say a word about that party to any one."

Here was a victory gained over a very pernicious habit, the source of endless mischief among neighbours and friends. And every parent and guardian of the young should be watchful to discourage this story-telling propensity.

THE OLD STORY THE BEST.

THERE is an interesting old ruin called BATTLE ABBEY, near Hastings, to which vititors are admitted every Tuesday afternoon. An old and not well-informed servant of the place conducts all strangers round the grounds, every spot of which is sacred in history from the fact of the great battle being fought here eight hundred years ago, between Harold and William the Conqueror. You are shown the spot where Harold fell, and in which an altar was erected after the battle, and this abbey built. The old man pilots you through among the ruins, and over the grounds, giving strange unmeaning names to the different places. He tells his tale not half so well as guides in general do. Some months ago an antiquarian society visited the place, and at an evening meeting and lecture corrected a number of the statements made by the official guide; and hoped, in future, the tourist might carry away better information about this interesting abbey. But the guide continues to tell you the same tale as if it had never been corrected. He has been reminded of the more probable account of the abbey as given by this society of antiquaries. The old man has an easy reply, "The old story is the best." It is useless to say his is the more modern account, and that those investigators of the building are only telling the "*old story*" of the place. To *him* this is all new, and he keeps to his saying, the old story he has learned is the oldest and the best. Now this very much reminded us of the method many of the people of the present age have in dealing with questions of theology and religion; they have been taught certain views their fathers and forefathers believed in, they think those views date back from the first, and they feel sure that the old story which did for their parents may do for them, and it is the best. All other theories are new to them, they do not wear the dust of age to their minds, therefore they are modern and untrue. It is useless to attempt to show some of these people that our UNITARIAN DOCTRINE is the old story, the tale of religion as told by Christ and his apostles, that their views belong to later times of ignorance and priestcraft.

It is useless to point out to them that the language of their creeds and articles is modern, and dates from centuries after the first teachers of the Christian religion had passed away. They are like the old guide at Battle Abbey, he knows their theory is a new one; he never heard of it till yesterday, whereas the tale he tells he has heard his father and grandfather tell it. It is the old story, he has got it by heart, and he likes it best.

So it is with the teachers and adherents of the modern and more popular system of theology, against which we have to carry on an incessant warfare. Although their views have neither the authority of the Bible nor of reason, to their minds they are the old story—and they think the oldest story—of religious faith and life and therefore to them they are the best.

We must be patient, and impress our views on the rising generation. We must be presevering in our endeavours to show that the simple faith and better hope and more comprehensive charity is the doctrine of the New Testament—"the old story and the best."

MARY'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Mary's mother had occasion to correct her the other night. Mary was angry, and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless papa and mamma, as she was wont to do, she said,

"God bless papa, and don't bless mamma." Her mother took no notice, and Mary jumped into bed without her good-night kiss. By and by she began to breathe hard, and at length she whispered,

"Mamma, are you going to live a great while?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Do you think you shall?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do many mothers die, and leave their children?"

"A great many."

"Mamma," said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer," and, clasping her little hands, she cried, "God bless papa, and the dearest and best mamma any little girl ever had in the world."

That's the way, children. If you knew your mothers were going to die very shortly you could not be half kind enough to them. But you do not know that—be they long or short lived, there lies before you, that he who runs may read, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

A Noble Boy.—"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see." "Yes there was, I was there to see myself, and I don't ever mean to see myself do a mean thing."

The Better Way.—It is not good for human nature to have the road of life made too easy, for it is better to be under the necessity of working hard and faring meanly, than to have everything done for us and a pillow of down to repose upon.

Mothers.—The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his heart's difficulty is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lessons of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son should always feel that her labour is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left influences that will work for her.

How to Pray.—Do not think it is necessary to pronounce many words. To pray is to say, "Let thy will be done;" it is to form a good purpose; it is to raise your heart to God; it is to lament your weakness; it is to sigh at the recollection of your frequent disobedience. This prayer demands neither method, nor science, nor reasoning; it is not necessary to quit one's employment; it is a simple movement of the heart towards its Creator, and a desire, that whatever you are doing, you may do it to his glory. The best of all prayers is to act with a pure intention and with a continual reference to the will of God. It depends upon ourselves whether our prayers be efficacious. It is not by a miracle, but by a change of heart, that we are benefitted, by a spirit of submission. Let us believe, let us trust, let us hope, and God will never reject our prayer.—*Fenelon.*

Practical Christianity Among the Fijians.—There has lately been a war among the Fiji islanders, and the chief, Bau, came out victor, taking and destroying sixty towns and carrying off their inhabitants as prisoners. In former times they would have been made slaves and the tenderest of them roasted and eaten. But Bau is a convert to Christianity, and he distributed his captives among his Christian towns, to be taught the new religion. Rev. Mr. Tait, a Methodist missionary, writes:—"On Sunday last I preached to two large congregations, composed principally of those who, a fortnight ago, were worshipping the gods of Fiji, and who refused to listen to Christian teachers. War is a fearful scourge to any land, and much to be deprecated, but in this case there is every prospect that it will hasten the reign of the Prince of Peace. The people have hitherto been bound to heathenism by the despotic will of a few heathen chiefs, and now they are subdued by Bau they will be allowed to please themselves in religious matters. To the inhabitants of more than sixty towns, living among mountains never trod by feet of him that bringeth good tidings, the gospel will now be preached."

A Fair Question.—The *Repository* thinks it strange that the orthodox "can not see that God punishes all sinners on the same principles, viz., for correction or restraint," and also that according to prevalent teaching "it would appear that God punishes 'the saints' for their sins on the parental principle, and the rest of mankind on the vindictive principle! Why should He have two different, distinct, and even opposite principles of action? Why punish a part to do them good, and the rest to do them evil?"

Christian Courtesy.—The love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man, Sydney Smith, won from every one, rich or poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to me to have arisen from the one fact, that without, perhaps, having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately, so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wheresoever he went.—*C. Kingsley.*

Conversion of the World.—At a recent meeting of the Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of Wisconsin, the following resolution was adopted:—"Resolved, That we believe in the practicability and certainty of the world's conversion to God." We have believed that same lo! these many years, and we are glad to learn that the true faith is gaining ground. We hope they will continue to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, until the idea of endless rebellion against Christ shall be expunged from their articles of faith, and scouted in the pulpit, as well as in resolutions of public bodies.

Spiritual Pride.—I remember that, in my early youth, I was overmuch religious and vigilant, and scrupulously pious and abstinent. One night I sat up in attendance on my father—on whom be God's mercy—I never closed my eyes during the whole night, and held the precise Koran open on my lap, while the company around us were fast asleep. I said to my father, "Not an individual of these will raise his head, that he may perform his genuflexions, or ritual of prayer, but they are all so sound asleep that you might conclude that they were sound asleep." He replied, "O, emanation of your father, you also had better have slept than that you should thus calumniate the failings of mankind."—*Suadi.*

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